

THE SEA COAST ECHO.

C. G. Moreau, Editor and Publisher.

Official Journal of the Board of Supervisors, Hancock County, Miss.
Official Journal of Board of Mayor and Aldermen City of Bay St. Louis.

FOR FIRE CALL
TELEPHONE NO. 156.

COMMUNITIES OUGHT TO VISIT.

We see relatives and friends coming and going on visits, and even neighbors running in and out of each other's homes, all cementing closer the bonds of love and friendship; and we wonder why towns don't do a little more of the same thing.

Think, for instance, how much better we'd all feel here in Bay St. Louis if we'd just shut up shop some fine afternoon, get together all the autos we could muster up, and run over and spend an hour or two in any of the towns nearby. We could let them know, of course, that we were coming, just to look them over and have an hour's friendly chat with them, and they'd welcome the visit with open arms, and throw wide open the gates of their town. They'd have improvements to show us, too, that might furnish us some good suggestions for making our own town better. And the friendly chaff and well-formed acquaintanceships that a trip would make would be worth a lot to us in our daily work after we returned home.

In this section there isn't any cause for community jealousy. The Gulf Coast and South Mississippi, collectively, is the Garden Spot of the South. The success of one town along the coast means a contribution to the success of the entire sea strand. Of course, each one is trying to make his town better. That is community spirit. If this were lacking as a whole, the section would be a failure. But no town along the coast is doing this. So why can't we be a little more neighborly and a little more helpful? Why can't we agree upon some afternoon, now that spring is here, when we can possibly close shop for the afternoon and let some one in charge, and run out along the Coast in one big, merry family party and call on our neighbors? Think it over; talk it over. In the meantime let it soak. Possibly some organized body or business interest in Bay St. Louis might put it over. If not this time, possibly at another time.

Did you ever stop to think how little you know of people of business of times in general at Pass Christian, Gulfport, Biloxi, Ocean Springs and intermediate points? Wouldn't it prove interesting and profitable to meet the people of other towns, personally, to be introduced, taken around and shown things?

PLENTY OF ROOM FOR THE RIGHT KIND.

A cancer is anything that corrodes, corrupts or destroys. The human cancer of the worst type is the person who, although he was born in America, derides his government for this or that, makes slurring remarks about her institutions, and in a general way seeks to destroy or undermine them. He or she is even worse than the other human cancer who, born on a foreign soil, comes to this country and preaches the doctrine of hate and bloodshed and carries out his or her distorted beliefs in acts of violence. We have room for the foreign-born man or woman who wants to live honestly and happily and help build up the community. We have room for the American who takes pride in his country, and its schools and churches and other institutions. But there isn't room here, and we hope before heaven there never will be, for the human cancer who seeks to hold back, distort or destroy any good institution or any good movement sheltered under the American flag.

WHEN SATAN DRIVES AUTOMOBILES.

In spite of all the courts are doing in many cities and towns to stop speeding by imposing heavy fines and sentences, the speed mania is still at large, and spring weather seems to be bringing them out in larger numbers than ever before. He abounds in every community, and we must admit that this and surrounding territory boasts its share. A short time ago in an Eastern city as a street car was unloading its passengers a madman of the speed type tore through the crowd in a high-powered auto at a rate of 80 miles an hour. Three people were instantly killed. And the motorist, when apprehended, was under the influence of liquor. But not all speed maniacs are drinkers. Most of them simply have a mania for fast driving; they lose all sight of the value of human life; they think it "smart" to step on the gas, and they leave little for consequences. Spring is here, the speeders are becoming more numerous, so it would seem a pretty good time to start war on them and show no mercy when one of them is brought to justice.

CASE RECORDED ON 8500 PAGES.
Jackson, Miss., March 28.—Supreme Court Clerk W. J. Buck has completed the records in the fire insurance cases on appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States. An additional 500 pages were sent to his office. When ready for submission the case will contain 8,500 typewritten pages.

MISSISSIPPI VERSUS CALIFORNIA.

A Los Angeles, California, newspaper, says the Hattiesburg Daily American, has just awakened to the fact that the good old State of Mississippi is making some progress.

It hadn't thought too much of Mississippi before, but it is now beginning to see the possibilities here.

Well, we should say! The only reason the California paper has not seen these possibilities before is the fact that it had made no investigation. It's the same way with others.

Mississippi has had entirely too much politics, and at the expense of all other things best considered for the State. Factional strife has torn the State wide open; factions arraigned against one another and any issue has been raised in order to ride into office. The mere mention of Mississippi over the country has conjured up thoughts associated with public scandal, charges and counter-charges of ill name and repute. It has been demoralizing, to say the least.

But politics have been relegated to the junk pile, and the people are turning their time and attention to the development of the State. Last week The Echo carried a remarkable story of development and progress noted by Richard Spillane, feature writer for a Philadelphia paper. And mind, of all the remarkable developments told the Gulf Coast section was omitted! The Land of Wonderment and Enchantment!

Government men, in different lines of work, do not hesitate to declare that the possibilities of the Atlantic Gulf Coast States are greater than those of California. These facts, officially stated, cannot be contradicted. But we do not, neither is it the purpose here, to boost the Mississippi Gulf Coast at the expense of another section of the country. The Gulf Coast speaks for itself, or rather, it will in time speak for itself. The trouble has been and still is that it has no one to do its speaking. This section is not advertised; there is no exploitation; no organized system of advertising.

The Hattiesburg American calls attention to the fact that any fruit that can be grown on the Mississippi Gulf Coast is 100 per cent better than that grown in California. The peach is an example of this. The flavor of Mississippi peaches is much more delightful than that of the pretty peaches shipped here from California, which have an insipid kind of taste, even when just taken from the trees at home.

But California grows more fruit—more peaches. Sure! That's a large part of California's business, just as growing cotton is a large part of Mississippi's business.

It is said by many people who have resided in each of the States that the only trouble is that Mississippi does not try to protect her orchards from cold and freezes, as does California, with smudge pots and other protective measures.

Some day California may realize that she has some strong competition in the Mississippi Coast territory, and will then have a better opinion of us, especially as Mississippi is now ranking higher than California in educational progress.

The possibilities of Mississippi—South Mississippi especially—are great, and are sure to be recognized—and it won't be long!

LOUISIANA LOSES CHANCE TO UPBUILT ITS DAIRYING.

The dairy industry of southeastern Louisiana recently lost an excellent opportunity to improve the quality of the cattle kept in that section when the "Purebred Sire Special" of the development department of the Illinois Central Railroad visited Baton Rouge and several other points in the State, and passed on without leaving any purebred dairy bulls in Louisiana.

This special toured Mississippi and Louisiana over the Illinois Central lines, demonstrating the possibilities for building up the dairy industry by the use of purebred sires. The railroad company had planned to leave a number of the bulls in the two States, lending them to communities for the improvement of their dairy cattle. The special aroused much interest at several points in Louisiana where it stopped, and Louisianians were keenly disappointed when they learned that the officials in charge of the exhibit had decided, after looking over the territory, that the country was too generally infested with cattle fever ticks to warrant the risk of leaving any of the purebred sires in the State. The best development of dairying in that region thus depends on the eradication of ticks.

Announcement comes from Mobile of the election of Mort L. Bixler as secretary of the Mobile Fair, a position which he has held three times previously. Mr. Bixler says that his policy is to make the Mobile Fair an effective force in the development of the country around Mobile for a distance of 100 miles. To this end the premium money on agriculture and livestock has been increased and much effort will be spent on community fairs in the surrounding counties. Plant something now and save the best of all you raise, is the message Mr. Bixler sends and he welcomes requests to come to any of the counties to help organize county and community fairs.

A CASE OF PLAIN BUNK.

We're getting tired of finding in almost every paper that comes to The Echo office a lot of stuff about the whole country being prosperous only as long as we can keep the farmer prosperous, and letters from readers suggesting this or that law to bring about better times in our rural sections. Most of this is inspired by the politicians of this country, office seekers whose aim is not so much to do something for the farmer as to make him think that something is being done for him. These politicians often mistake the clamor of a small group with an axe of its own to grind as an indication that the entire country needs just what this little group is yelling for.

It is our belief that the farmers of this country realize that all this codding is doing them little or no good, while it has run up their taxes in common with everybody else's. The farmers do not need all this super-vising, and more and more they are waking to the fact that most of it is plain bunk, scattered by those who want a place at the public pie counter. The farmer does not need special favors. All he asks is honest legislation that will help everyone, everywhere, and not laws that will bring prosperity to just one little section. He is more interested in legislation that will keep his taxes down to an honest level, and that will bring out tax money from the corners in which it has long been hiding. A change to attend to his own business without someone trying to legislate prosperity into that business is about all he seeks. And he sooner the politicians and little groups of people with private axes to grind find this out the better it is going to be for the farmer, and themselves as well.

A CASE WITHOUT PARALLEL.

There are many reasons why editors sometimes become mentally unbalanced; why they actually go crazy and wind up in a madhouse. But we don't believe there is a better one than the following, cited by a neighboring paper, which comes to our desk each week:

That paper says, in explaining why editors go crazy: "There are over a thousand words in the average newspaper column. If you don't believe it, count them. When you have counted them, write a column on any subject; then write another column on another subject; then write a column of short articles, with a different subject for every three or four lines. Then chase a news item all over town to find out there is nothing in it. Then write about five columns more, and you have the material for a rather slim newspaper. Do this this week and next, and next month and all next year. Try this for a year and see if you would not look on the man or woman who hands you a news item on the street as a benefactor, a Christian and an all-around good fellow."

BROADCASTINGS.

A Chicago woman writer declares that there are many women who ought to be spanked. Equal rights are coming!

Every now and then a woman saves a little money by hiding her pocketbook where she can't find it.

They tell us that travel broadens a man. Yes, but it also flattens the pocketbook.

Mr. Bryan says wealth is a disease. It has been our observation that it's one disease that's mighty hard to catch.

When a girl says she hasn't a "stitch to her back," she means most of her clothes are pinned on.

The porch swing and bicycle makers are hoping that gasoline goes to a dollar a gallon.

Kentucky isn't what she used to be. They took five men to shoot one deputy sheriff there a few days ago.

The trouble with too many men is they bring home the bacon but turn up their noses at the liver.

That windstorm which recently destroyed several Southern towns was not caused by returning congressmen.

We read where a politician's auto was stolen in Chicago. The politician got away.

We heard one man say that he is a bachelor by preference—his own instinct and the girl's preference.

After all, the paper which carries the best news and has the widest circulation, is the dollar bill.

Every book has readers who disagree with it, but no book is called a liar as often as the cook book.

Why is it that your neighbor who is always borrowing something never has anything to lend when you want to borrow?

The farm loan board plans to loan money for a period of nine months, leaving the farmer broke only three months out of a year.

It has gotten so in this country that a fellow can't have a case of anything about the house any more, unless it's a case of sickness.

When we see a woman smile and know at the same time that her tight shoes are killing her, we understand how they can endure more pain than a man.

The reason a man hates to see his wife cry is because he knows it's going to cost him something to get her to stop.

WITH THE WITS.

A Toast.
A Southern Colonel at a banquet in Arkansas offered the following toast:

"Water—the purest and best of all things that God created. I want to say to you that I have seen it glisten in tiny teardrops on the sleeping lids of infants; I have seen it trickle down the blushing cheeks of youth and go in rushing torrents down the wrinkled cheeks of age. I have seen it in tiny dewdrops like polished diamonds when the morning sun burst in resplendent glory over the eastern hills. I have seen it in the rushing stream rippling over pebbly bottoms; in the river rushing over precipitous falls to join the mighty Father of Waters, and I have seen it in the mighty ocean on whose broad bosom float the battle fleets of all nations and the commerce of the world—but, ladies and gentlemen, I want to say to you now, that as a beverage, it's a damned failure."—Alameda Doings.

Carried Unanimously.
The hall was crowded and the woman speaker was waxing eloquent. "Yes," she cried emphatically, "women have been misjudged for ages. They have suffered in a thousand ways."

Here she paused to give her audience time to consider this momentous statement. "There is one way in which they never suffered and never will," said a meek little man from the back of the crowd.

The lecturer gave him a frigid look.

And in what way is that?" she inquired.

"In silence," replied the little man, as he sank into his seat.—Exchange.

Kill Them Both.

Two busy traveling salesladies were riding in opposite seats in the train. One thought the car was too hot, the other said it was too cold.

Just then a dusky porter came through.

"Porter," commanded the first lady, "I wish you'd open that window. I'm nearly smothered."

"Don't you do it," snapped the second lady. "If you do I'll freeze to death."

The porter scratched his head.

"What you 'spose Ah should do in a case like dat?" he asked a portly looking traveling man, about two seats to the rear, trying to enjoy a little reading.

"Open it while and freeze one; then shut it and smother the other."

—Fornes Magazine.

London English.
Jack Dempsey told a London newspaper correspondent that he was shocked and pained by the accent of the London poor. "They laugh at our American accent over there," he said, "but gosh! I heard a chambermaid at the Savoy correcting a bell-boy one morning. 'Don't say, 'ax,' you vulgar little beast," she said, 'say, 'hark!''—Argonaut.

Dominant Considerations.

"Do you think skirts will be much longer?"

"It depends," replied Miss Cayenne, "on whether the Paris fashion dictators are more interested in selling silk stockings or dress material."

—Exchange.

Garage Definitions.

Mechanic—A fellow who can take an automobile apart.

Wizard—One who can put it together again.

"Yes, in a battle of tongues a woman can always hold her own."

"Perhaps she can." But why don't she?"

FREIGHT TRAFFIC IN BILOXI INCREASES.

Two New School Buildings Are Considered By Board.

Biloxi, Miss., April 4.—The Gulfport and Mississippi Coast Traction Company, which is operating a general freight business in connection with the G. & S. I. and Illinois Central Railroad, carried out of Biloxi during the past week 75 separate shipments of carload lots to various points.

Plans Two Schools.

At the regular monthly meeting of the Biloxi school board of trustees Friday they will consider the construction of two new school buildings in the city, together with other improvements to be made in the primary schools of the city, out of the appropriation of \$100,000 from the bond issue of \$550,000 for the general improvement of Biloxi.

Methodists in Session.

Officials of the seashore district Methodist Conference attended a conference in Moss Point Wednesday, at which there were delegates from over the entire district.

Strawberries Planted.

The Biloxi Truck Growers' Association, of Biloxi, who planted 25 acres in strawberries during the past several months, are beginning to pick the berries, and shipments will be made on the G. & S. I. Railroad to Eastern points, together with a car to local consumers as fast as the crops ripen sufficiently. They have also made shipments of carrots, from which they received substantial returns. Farmers have been encouraged by prevailing prices to warrant them to continue planting.

CARD OF THANKS.

As a mark of thanks and appreciation the Ladies of the Woodmen Circle, one and all, wish to thank the public for making possible the success of the barn dance, which took place Monday night at W. O. W. Hall, benefit Woodmen Ladies Circle, which netted \$78.00. We wish to thank the several individuals who spared no effort, and to one and all in general for their assistance.

MRS. ELIZABETH BOUDIN, Chairman.

Bay St. Louis, Miss., April 5, 1923.

COLUMN de BULL.

By FULLER BULL, of Bay St. Louis.
Mister Red Morgan.
Greenwich Village,
N. Y.

Me Darlint Red Crittur:
In the taken ever brogue it does indade make me feel that I'm after havin' ye close furnist me right hand, ye divil. All av which gives ye just reason fur th' that teth it is me. Self had had th' pleasure av radin' yer letter av the recent.

Springin' it is, lad, we're havin' now in the Sunny Sou, but arrah, may, not th' kind wit ice an' cowl as ye've got it in th' Northern. Nixie, Red, th' flowers are bustin' th' buds here, an' the buds are meshurin' for th' bathin' suit. Do ye mind that? Red, the brogue is still good for a chaser, but we gotta hug close to the Reddy Roosevelt Am. or we'll have a other dame sayin' that we ain't got enuff savvy to bring the pan back after feedin' the nabors' chicks. So I lamp the fact that we come in for ours some time, as well as the other GREAT copy guys.

But we're glad to hear from you, Reddie, an' we gotta notion that when you quit kinder-garden ye'll be in a class av yer own.

Speelin' 'bout Spring, Red, reminds us 'bout last Sab. I'll bet my ham an' that there was many a sore heart in this burg on Easter morn, for the weather was that bitie that there was a taboo put on bonnets an' duffy frills; all the Frails hadta mosey downta church lookin' like they had a date with J. R. Fr.

Ked, we had somethin' here on the night of Good Fri. what the Bowery wouldn't stand for: a spasm band come outta the Crescent burg an' tried to give a dance to the hicks; we near they didn't have gate enoughta furnish the dance for a crop, an' we're fickle stail over it. They was a buncha mockers outside wishin' an' they was as bad as them what trotted, an' that so? If you believe in what the wise guys say, them birds what danced on Good Fri. was livin' an' dan'ed just exactly 1923 yrs. ago.

Red, they found out that Eagle Eye owns the drug Spark-Plug, he feeds the goat bran-sop, act, his gums an' puts the bird in the goose-hair when the factory toots 6 p. m.

We went over to the N. O. burg the other day for the O. S. Trail Convensh, Hizzonner sams a red ribbon on our coat, which same has us stuck on ourself, we trots up to the Convensh hall, a guy says we gotta register, then we found that Hizzonner was just soppin' us with the silk an' we wasn't no del. nor nothin' else, so we says to the elevator guy: "Ground floor, please." A guy slips us the info. that the main reason was that R. Caesar W. didn't want no Bull in the bunch.

Saddy of the p. m. them Rock-a-Chaws played Tulane over in the Crescent ville; yep, we lost, Red, 5 to 0. Well, you see nobody can win when the opposish has ten guys on the field. Yeh, it's the Umps was on their team, too. Them birds tried cloutin' it outta the center-field, it was Barron out there—an' so was their chances of hits in that locality. That boy's got more future before him than Radio has.

We'll even up when they make the visit to our dunghill.

That Umps, what carry's a Ave. honicker, might be a Referee, but he's as much Umpire as Mary Pickford is a Zulu.

The Kakaker says he only wants ONE more chance at 'em when they come here, an' then he'll be ready either keep his mitt or eat it.

Poor lil babes in the wood. O, don't you remember the babes in the woods?"

Was it the wolves that chewed up them Babes? The nasty, MEAN Wolves!

The time ain't passed yet for them mean varmints prowlin' round, tryin' to eat up the innocents; look what happened on Easter Morn. over in what is known as civilized place, didn't a buncha mean critters jump on a pessel of lil Saints an' make 'em look like second hand cut plug? Yeh, did that! An' it's a shame, too, for them Saints was as nice a tribe as any dotin' parents could crave. But, the way it happened was like a guy told us, to the viz: When them Rock-a-Chaws walked in the park they was a sign stickin' up on a wall, which read: "Give to Loyola, help Loyola, Be Liberal." Well, iusta show the lonesome world they hearts was in the right place them Rocks paid heed to the sign (not knowin' it was last yrs. birdnest).

First come lil Geo., who donated ALL in his power, knowin' them Wolves wanted exercise, he let 'em walk all over the lot. Seen that lil Geo. was copyin' all the philanthropy by himself, Foster, reaches down and pulls out Longboy, Seywell from the pile an' he goes up on the generous line an' dishes out ALL he's got to them hungry varmints. So there you are, Everybody helpin'!

They say them boys was the mad when they found out that it wasn't TIME to donate to Loyola.

Well, Prunella, we always get in rouble when we try to help someone out, don't we? Sad, O sad, but true!

MONSTER WHALE BLOWN INTO SHALLOW WATER OFF MISSISSIPPI COAST.

Biloxi, Miss., April 4.—Crews of a number of power-boats are lying by about seventy miles off shore from Biloxi, watching for a monster whale which is reported to have been blown into shallow water off the Louisiana marshes, and which arrangements are being made to capture, if possible. According to Captain Pete, Lisa, of the power fishing boat Sure Pop, which arrived here today to secure help in killing the sea monster, the whale, said to be of the sperm variety, is about 150 feet in length, and is estimated to weigh about 75 tons. Its body protruded about twelve feet from the shallow water into which it had been blown by recent storms in the gulf.

A number of sperm whales have been blown into the shallow water of the Louisiana marshes in recent years and have been captured by fishermen.

Children Cry for Fletcher's

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Never attempt to relieve your baby with a remedy that you would use for yourself.

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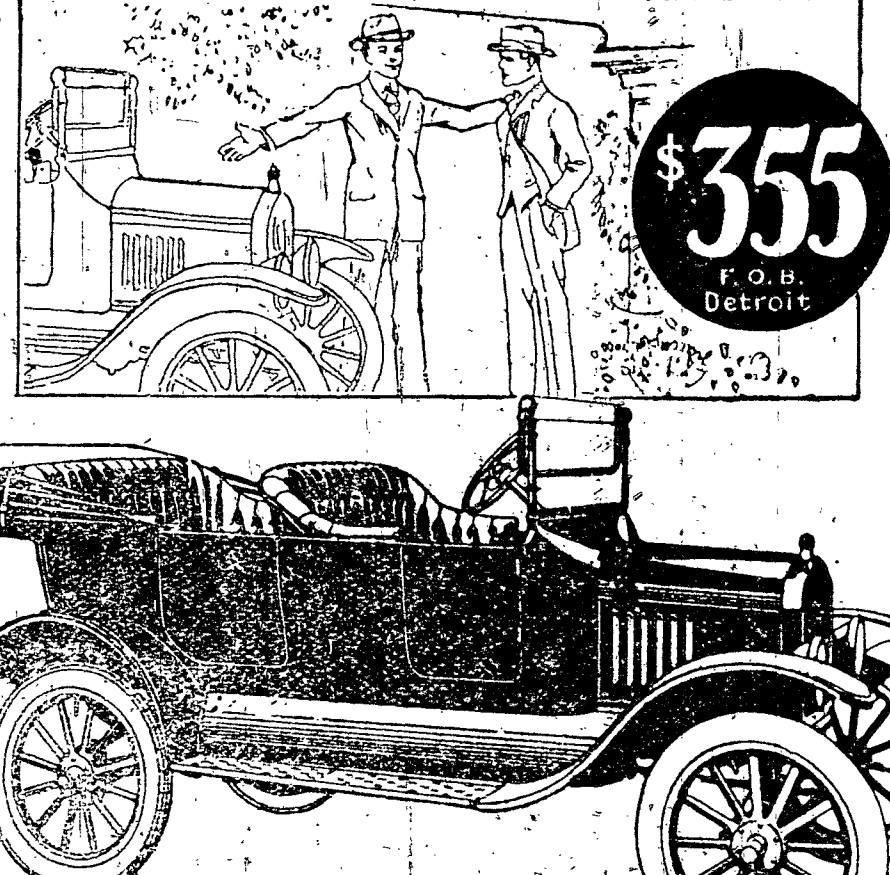
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NOTICE TO ALL WATER CONSUMERS.

During the time that the new water pipes are laid and new connections from the old pipes of the old water mains and private homes to the new main pipes are made, the water supply will be shut off more or less during daytime. It will be advisable for every consumer to draw a supply for a day, every morning, to avoid the discomfort of being without water when they want it and the supply is shut off.

CHAS. SANGER,
Superintendent of Water Works,
City of Bay St. Louis, Miss.

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W. L. D.


Supervisors of Hancock County, Mississippi, that Hancock County Road and Bridge Bonds numbered 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200 inclusive, will be retired with interest date on May 1st, 1923. Holders of said above numbered bonds are requested to present said bonds to the Treasurer Hancock County or the County Depository, not later than May 1st, 1923, as interest will cease after that date.

This the 3rd day of April, A. D. 1923.
(Seal) A. A. KURGOSIN, Clerk

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Girls. Nothing more beautiful than the fragrant California flower beads necklaces. 24 styles. 15 colors. Let us tell you how to get one absolutely free. Catalog and color card upon request. Larkish Bead Co., Sedalia, Mo.

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Spring Season, 1923.

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MISS KATHERINE SCHMIDT
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CARD OF THANKS.
I wish to thank the Captains and members of our church for their untiring effort to put over Easter Centenary Drive. I desire especially to thank Mr. James Clark and a score of ladies and gentlemen who helped us to make this drive a great success. May God bless you all.
Your friend and brother,
A. H. LATHAN, Pastor.

DR. J. A. EVANS
DENTIST.
Hours 9 to 12, 1:30 to 5

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